

It was about a week ago when I lay in bed with you. The weight of my body, curled on its side, put pressure against your bare skin. Coarse hairs protruding from your chest, falling and rising in an easy rhythm, scratched at my fragile cheek. My arm shifted from where it lay, motionless, across your body. My fingers moved lightly across your shoulders, tracing muscle with elegant touch. I remember tilting my eyes towards your face, scanning you for answers. My eyes were screaming, "Let me in," but my lips were still. Still, longing to be heard. Your eyes gave up nothing, refusing to surrender your stranger to me. So I stopped listening for your eyes.

And now, I sit up in bed, staring blankly at the room ahead. Your arm sweeps my back with delicate motion. Your hand brushes my hair to the side of my neck, clearing an empty canvas where you paint invisible art. Your colors drip down my back with each careful stroke, as I turn to meet your eyes.